

# The World

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ACQUITTED AFTER NINETEEN YEARS.

Touched by the frost of seventy years, old Jacob Stapp, of Uniontown, Pa., finds himself at last out from under the shadow of a crime which has haunted him for nineteen years. He was yesterday acquitted, after standing trial for the third time, on a charge of murder. Twice he had been convicted, and the singular feature of the case is that the first of these trials occurred nineteen and the second eighteen years ago. After the second trial he escaped from jail, and up to last March, when he was finally apprehended, he remained a fugitive from justice.

An old neighbor of Stapp in Fayette County was the victim of the crime. There had been a feud between the families, and this fact helped to convict Stapp. Since the twice condemned man escaped, eighteen years ago, however, his son has died, and a deathbed confession of the latter, in which he admitted himself to have been the murderer, was one of the features of the third trial, which has led to the old man's acquittal.

The case is one probably without parallel in the history of the courts. It is the first case in which a man has been convicted of a crime, and after standing trial for the third time, on a charge of murder, he has been acquitted.

Had Stapp been taken to the scaffold on his first condemnation and the son's lips remained sealed he would have died an innocent man and the law would have committed unwitting murder. That fortunate escape from behind the bars and the successful maintenance of liberty through long years has enabled the old man at last to stand free and untrammelled. Perhaps, yes, even probably, his years on earth will not be many more, but at least they will not go out under the sorrow and disgrace of a terrible accusation and condemnation.

ABOTIC EXPLORATION.

The steam brigantine Kite is ready to turn her nose towards the icy North, bearing another exploring party to those high latitudes in quest of knowledge and of fame. Arctic explorations are always of deep interest to the world at large. Those solitary frozen stretches of the extreme North have witnessed repeated examples of human heroism, and they still lure plucky souls to their unknown sections.

Everything done in the interests of science is in keeping with modern thought and progress. This expedition under Lieut. Peary intends to investigate Greenland and determine its character and extent if possible. Arctic quests bring strongly to relief the qualities of mind and body. Suffering and fatigue are things which cannot be escaped. Splendid examples of courage and endurance explore men deeply, and resolved Arctic explorers gather plentiful laurels in the sterile North.

The presence of a woman in this party lends a novel and keen interest to the expedition. Mrs. Peary proposes to follow the men in their courageous wanderings. No doubt the force and staying powers of woman will have a grateful presentation in her person. The good wishes of everybody will follow the Kite. May it never fly low.

THE WOULD-BE FOREST GRABBERS.

The Adirondack railroad grabbers have lost nothing of their impudent assumption that they are eventually to get through the State forest lands with their rails, even in the face of the adverse decision of the Land Commissioners. They have issued a circular stating that the road will be completed and in operation in 1892, from Herkimer to Malone. They even give the list of stations to be established, which includes two located on the State land which it is proposed to cross.

The greedy corporation will not, however, find smooth work in carrying out its schemes. Already it has been warned that its civil engineers must stop cutting trees, as they have been doing under pretense that it was necessary to accurate surveying. A failure to heed this warning will result in an injunction which will bring the railroad work to an abrupt termination for a time. There seems no reason to doubt that the Forest Commission and the Attorney-General mean business in the matter and that they will keep a sharp eye on the would-be intruders and destroyers of the forest.

A Pittsburg lawyer tried to influence the Court in favor of his client who was applying for a liquor license. The only thing said against the man was that he gambled. Then his counsel said the Prince of Wales was something of a gambler himself. Whereupon the good American Judge promptly replied that he didn't consider Wales a good character and that he wouldn't grant him a license. Isn't it a little silly to think that blackguardly things are retrieved by the fact that ALBERT EDWARD is addicted to them? That sort of thing is bad enough in England. It cannot get any show here.

A bad boy in General Sessions yesterday was sentenced to be taken to for an hour straight by his lawyer. And he won't have the ordinary jurymen's privilege, under such circumstances, of going to sleep. There is still a good deal of severity connected with the administration of the law.

So long as men are what they are sympathy will sometimes get the better of justice in adjudicating a case. An old snow-haired man in North Carolina, ex-

President of a bank, charged with embezzling \$50,000 of the bank's money, seems to be getting more sympathy than he deserves, as there is difficulty in getting him indicted. Respectability, old age and position aggravate an offense of this kind instead of extenuating it, and justice should have full sway.

It is not often that a man's unsuccessful suit for a maiden's hand survives her marriage to another and is eventually bestowed on her eighteen-year-old daughter. This happened the other day at the Barre Office. The mother died and her old suitor wedded the daughter, who came to this country to marry him although she had never seen him. He ought to make a faithful husband.

Two Tennessee lawyers got to hot words in a court and had a fistfuling match till the spectators separated them. Now, after this spontaneous and natural set-to, there is question of a duel. Better to have slugged themselves into a more peaceful frame of mind.

The Republicans have another prophet of destruction. "It [the party] must face the music and do something to quiet the restlessness of the farmer for silver in plenty, or go to pieces," says Senator Stewart, of Nevada.

QUAY says everybody knows BLAINE should be nominated if he should run. Almost everybody knows, also, that QUAY's support would be one of the things the Maine statesman would have to fear.

Now it is announced that Firenze is considered broken down. The great Queen of the Turf has a warm place in every race-lover's heart.

There can be no ghost-killer in baseball while the boys keep up their gait.

Keep the door shut on the Adirondack forest railroad grabbers.

Remember the Free Doctors Fund.

SPOTLETS.

The American beauty and the American ball-tossers are rivals. They both want to make the greatest catches of the season.

Wonder if the Prince and his "nummer" have taken over the bankrupt business.

The personal involved in the Franny Croft scandal seem more than game. They are gamy.

Whatever was lost in that gambling game, there seems to have been a score left, at least.

The robin sits on a knoll and trillith, while a simon, whose mind is full of spirit, blithly but if for some reason it did not.

The worst kind of a case-rush—when one brother falls upon another and kills him.

When they talk of the rain being light in Russia, it is the crops and not the subjects which are in people's minds.

The presumption is that Philadelphia band directors played "hooky" when they were little boys.

Emperor William may not dance the German, but oh! he can make the German dance.

A Chinaman feels out of joint with the times when his opinion does him no good.

WORLDLINGS.

The artist Whistler is most eccentric in his attire. He usually comes down to breakfast in bare feet, and he usually goes to bed without shoes.

Blumack's wife is rather short and stout. She was never pretty, but she has always had a remarkable nose and clear complexion. Her eyes are blue and her hair is auburn.

Congressman Belden laid the foundations of his vast wealth by saving up a few hundred dollars from his salary as school teacher. Then he started for California in 1849 and returned with a comfortable fortune that has every year grown larger.

A horse owned in Louisville, Ky., is over forty years old. He is known as "Ironhorse," and he has won many races. He is still in good health and is still used for work.

Not the Same Kind. (From Judge.)

"Marie, what are those things on that tree?" "They're blossoms." "Oh, those tree drink?" "No, of course not. What put that in your head?" "Why, I heard grandma tell mamma that drinking was putting a beautiful blossom on paper."

Woman's Happy Manner. (From the Washington Star.)

Mrs. Chienmaile to Miss Youngone after a discussion—What is the difference between us, my dear?

Why He Didn't Get His Degree. (From Life.)

Prof. Digamama—Will you inform the class, Mr. Porter, where Homer was born?

Warrented to Last. (From a Weekly.)

He—You love me now, and you'll be faithful to the last, won't you?

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Driver Wilted.

A number of citizens from some interior town arrived at the Grand Central Depot yesterday by special car, and as they were gathered outside in a body an old man who belonged to them said to a carriage-driver who was soliciting a fare:

"See that fellow there with the brown hat on?"

"Yes."

"No who he is?"

"No."

"Well, if he comes this way he might kick and polite to him, for he's the biggest man in our town."

"Who is he, anyway?"

The old man advanced and bent over and whispered in reply:

"Jim Cummings, and he owns the race track, is foreman of the fire company and owns two-thirds of a mill-dam a hundred feet long."

He was "Kyfoshed" by Sergt. Dunn.

He stood at the entrance of the bridge leaning on a little rattan cane until it described a half circle under the pressure. He had on an etheral-looking straw hat and a complete set of white duck, and his general appearance was fairly hit off by a newboy when he cried out:

"All you fellows come on and see a gum-drop walkin' around on his hind legs!"

The gum-drop shivered as he passed. It was overcast weather, and he was clad for 100 degrees in the shade.

"Very embarrassing to be caught up this way, doncher know?" he explained to the onlookers in a weary way. "It's all the fault of the Signal Office, doncher see? Predicted a hot wave, be-gawge! and it failed to materialize. Came ova from me suburban domicile prepared for a sultry day, and bless me heart if I haven't nearly perished with cold, ye know."

"See him shiver?" called a gamin.

"Shivah! Of course I shivah!" replied the weary man, as he indulged in a shiver. "I am no volcano that I shouldn't shivah under this sudden change. Bless me! but I'll see the people in the Signal Office and give 'em a bit of me mind for this! Nevah depended on their predictions before, and never will again, doncher know?"

"Here's your high pressure in the Mississippi Valley!" shouted another boy.

"That's another point I wish to touch on, ye know," replied the gumdrop.

"What do I know about high pressure, low pressure, increased cloudiness, storm centres and all that? I see by the report that it is to be warmer, doncher know?—much warmer—and accordingly I prepare for the change. In the language of the Greek I am Kyfoshed—which means that I am left—boxed up—put in a hole, doncher know?"

He shivered again, a first-class, high-toned shiver, and a nabob might be proud of and continued:

"When a fellow has his collar and tie and trousers and hat to look out for his mind is fully occupied, doncher see? It can't be poking his nose into the newspaper and increasing his burdens by trying to understand what Sergt. Dunn means by the Ohio Valley, low pressure, high pressure, humidity and all that. I wouldn't think of it, ye see—no fellow would think of it. It is all owing to the ambiguity of Sergt. Dunn that I have been kyfoshed—done up—laid on the shelf, doncher know?"

"Play us a chune will yer teeth!" screamed a chunk of a bootblack.

"The ideal of deceiving a fellow like this!" continued the victim, as the wind swept down the promenade and raised another crop of goose pimples on his legs. "I think I shall sue for damages, doncher see? I shall, no doubt, be prostrated by this exposure, be-gawge! and it's a question whether my system will recover from the shock. If not I may go off in a week, doncher know? And if it does I may linger along for years, ye see—linger along with a shattered wreck that no tailor can ever fit me trousers again, ye know!"

"There goes another shiver," called two or three boys in chorus as the duck clad form was again agitated.

"Certainly I shivah," he replied. "I was waiting here to see a friend who might lend me an overcoat, ye know, but he's been switched off, the same as Sergt. Dunn's hot wave. No play to proceed homeward with all possible despatch, and to imbibe some gin and watral, and then write to the papas that the Signal Bureau is a delusion, doncher know? Be-gawge! I'll quite break up the business before I let go, doncher see?"

And he lifted his shawl off the ground and doated up the stairway to the station like a man who would never rest until he had the Sergeant's scalp.

M. QUAD.

MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS TELLS THE STORY OF HIS REMARKABLE LIBRARY CARER, IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

The Test. (From Life.)

"Is Mr. Pulliam original?"

## GIVE TO THE POOR

By Helping to Start the Corps of Free Physicians.

The Babies Want Medicine, Clothes and Food.

Neil Nelson Describes One of Many Cases.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS:

"The Evening World," \$100.00

Previously acknowledged.....\$22.49

Lois B. Forsyth.....10.00

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew.....10.00

Doxy F. and Townsend V. Reed.....1.00

Mrs. H. H. Spanton.....1.00

Charles.....1.00

Mrs. M. M. Mott.....1.00

A. Mott.....1.00

Mrs. R. H. H. Spanton.....1.00

John H. Spanton.....1.00

K. M. Mott.....1.00

Three of a Kind.

Please find enclosed \$1 for the Sick Babies' Fund, from MARY, SANDER AND GEORGE.

A Friend's Dime.

I send you one dime for the Baby Fund. Will try and help a little.

A Far-Away Friend.

I enclosed you find \$2 for the Sick Babies' Fund. Yours truly, Morrislow, N. J.

A Mother's Heart.

I enclosed \$50 for the little sufferers. I am glad to contribute to so noble a cause. God bless them.

From Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew.

I send \$10 to the Free Doctors' Fund. Mrs. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, 43 West Fifty-fourth street.

Shots for the Babies.

My brother and I have started a shooting gallery to aid the Sick Babies' Fund. I send you 40 cents, which we have earned today. We hope to earn much more the coming week.

DAISY F. and TOWNSEND V. REED, are eleven and eight years, Bartonsville, N. Y.

Clothes Will Follow.

I enclosed please find 10 cents for the sick babies. I wish every reader of The World would do the same. With a package of infants' garments—very soon. Poor little babies, why do they have to come into this troublesome world.

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## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

A Woman Doctor Prohibits the Cold Bath—The Cornflower in Demand—A Useful Association to Benefit Working Girls—Gold for Trimmings—Very Popular.

"Don't take a cold bath unless you want to throw your liver out of countenance," so exhort a wise woman doctor up in Harlem.

If a mother will undertake the trouble necessary to make her baby breathe with the mouth closed, she will not only insure the child against throat and lung trouble, but enhance his beauty and the future comfort of people who may object to snoring and snoring.

According to the contributions of the general-hearted are received the corps of Free Physicians will be enlarged and their work extended.

And yet there are reasons to believe that the small contributions from penny banks, from pocket money, from children's trifles, may in a short time aggregate a sufficiency to carry on the work.

There is a contagion about giving that not only infatuates the giver but communicates itself to others, thereby doubly benefiting the object of the gift.

Send a single dime to the Sick Babies' Fund and at once you will find yourself possessed of a desire to send four or five, and you "won't be happy" till you have done so.

It is a common saying among the Germans that "giving by the spoon brings a baby by the bucket." Much is neither asked nor expected. One never regrets what is given to the little ones, for although the thanks are lighter than a feather the rewards of conscience are sweeter than "the peace which passeth understanding."

NEIL NELSON.

ALL FOR THE BABIES.

West-Side People Get Up A Successful Entertainment.

The first entertainment of the season for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund was given by seven young ladies Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. L. M. Mott, 360 West Forty-fourth street, and was an unqualified success, financially as well as intellectually and morally.

Mrs. Louise B. Forsyth, of 302 West Sixty-ninth street, who managed the "stage," secured the talent and looked after the general details, wrote the program.

"Herewith I hand you the net proceeds in the sum of \$13.95, and we all hope that this may be only a forerunner of many entertainments that may be given for the benefit of so worthy a cause."

Mrs. Forsyth, to the young people who attended to the management of the finances, to the people who volunteered their services much credit is due.

Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Forsyth presented the one-act farce-comedy, "Man Proves," in a manner that would have done credit to professionals (Mr. Williams is one) and completely acquitted the large audience.

Little seven-year-old Joseph Smith's rendition of a gavotte on the violin compelled him to respond to an encore, and Prof. Littlebridge was obliged to play several piano solos before his hearers were satisfied.

Mr. Schulze, the tenor, was unable to be present, but his wife, Lillian Russell's sister, gave a most enjoyable soprano solo, and her little seven-year-old daughter captivated everybody by her character rendition of "Mother Goose" in recitation and song.

Two members of the Suburban Banjo Club added to the general enjoyment of the evening, and the skirt and table dance by Misses Forsyth, Wickham and Littlebridge ended a most entertaining programme.

OLIVE SCHRIENER'S LATEST.

THIS CELEBRATED WRITER HAS A CHARMING ORIGINAL SKETCH IN THE SUNDAY WORLD TO-MORROW.

Not a Teaser. (From Life.)

Aunt Fanny—Don't you believe, Emmy, that God answers little girls' prayers?

Emmy (8, a scholar, aged seven)—Yes, I know it.

Aunt Fanny—And you say your prayers every night?

Emmy—Yes, and I pray for my mother, my father, my brothers and sisters, and for all the poor people who are suffering.

A Fair Warning. (From a Weekly.)

The Sweet Girl—I wish you wouldn't go to the races with papa, George.

Her devoted—Why not?

George—Because I'm afraid he is not a proper person to associate with.

All of Nothing. (From a Weekly.)

(At a Music Shop—Customer—Do you happen to have any pianoforte pieces?

New Apprentice—No, sir, we only sell whole pianos.

View of an Expert. (From a Weekly.)

Chaffee—It seems to me that girls know more than they used to.

Jones—Pardon me! Have you been declined again?

The yacht which Pierpont Morgan launched last month had, among its other furnishings, a remarkable tapestry, which was examined with great interest by many members of the Masonic fraternity. It is an antique about twelve feet square and covered with Masonic emblems—the terrestrial orb, flanked by trowel, dagger and delta surrounded by square and compass, and above them, in the center, a blazing star. All of these emblems are embroidered by hand. The piece is said to be more than three hundred years old, and to have been one of the decorations of the Mosque of Mahomet Ali.

Mrs. Annette York's ingenious two-wheel portable car, which packs up into a box and can be carried as a personal luggage, was exhibited at the Sportsman's Exhibition, which was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Langdon.

Macdonald is worn on gold, gold lace, gold pascamentaries and satin ribbons, with fine designs in gold being especially used.

A college girl's expense account for a year shows \$10,000 for the progress of women, and \$20,000 for candy.

During the year 185 girls have joined the Yonkers Association of Working Girls. There have been general classes in social music, needlework, dressmaking, military cooking, and a small special class in stenography and typewriting. These classes are instructed by paid and experienced teachers who have been making earnest efforts to improve the quality of work in all the classes, and all the same principle of thoroughness. Much encouragement is felt in the excellent results shown and an increase of real interest among the members. The teachers in the needlework, dressmaking and cooking classes have been taking

## JUST ONE DAY TOO LATE.

Story of a Tragedy for Which Bad Tape Was Responsible.

An Inventor Killed Himself Just Before His Pension Came.

"That date recalls the sad history of a life and the sudden end of a dear friend of mine," remarked a well-preserved man of sixty at the Palmer House, yesterday, as he called Clark W. Cunningham's attention to the date which was writing his name. The guest was George C. Hollister of New York, of aerial navigation fame, says the Chicago Tribune.